

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE
KING
OF
FRANCE
FROM
THE
DEATH
OF
CHARLES
THE
SEVENTH
TO
THE
DEATH
OF
LOUIS
THE
ELEVENTH
BY
JACQUES
DUPLESSIS
MORIMON
1645



24
G R E A T
Britains Joyful Triumph,
F O R
The Happy Union on the First of May, 1707.



5. May. 1707.

Great Britain now hath Baff'd France and
So long have waited for her fatal Doom.
In spite of all her proud insulting Foes,
The Thistle's wedded, to the Royal Rose.
The joyful Union was no sooner known
To trembling FRANCE, and Bleeding BABYLON,
But dismal Cry's refund from Shore to Shore
Alas! Alas! great BOURBON, is no more,
We dread the downfal of our Scarlet Whore.
Ignatius Loyal, thy project now is Vain.
Great-Britain, n'ere can be restor'd again,
Her Factions which from us at first did rise,
Are now become our open Enemies
Kind Heaven thus hath all their Measures broke,
And ever free'd us from the ROMAN Yoke.
Smith-Field no more will blase with Flaming Wood,
Nor have her Channels stain'd with Martyrs Blood.
Nor Wigg nor Tory, some past Years Ago
Nor new distinction of High Church and Low,
This happy Union could not overthrow.
Tho' Jesuits their Poison'd Arrow's Flings,
The Plague of Nations, and the bane of Kings.
Stir restless Spirits set on fire of Hell,
Against their lawful Princes to Rebel.
And Day by Day, still Secretly do wait,
To sow Sedition in our Church and State.
Tho' haughty Lewis all his Engione try'd,
To make our Church against her self divide.
And some wise Men mislead have been so Blind,
To push on what that Cunning Fox design'd;
Yet Heaven's care prevented all their Ill's,
And made them happy tho' against their Wills.
We have Great ANNA's Coronation Oath,
A Royal promise from her sacred Mouth.
Our wholesome Law's shee'l never Violate,
The strongest Bulwork of our Church and State.
And yet indeed some Preachers cant forbear,
To cry the downfal of the Church they fear.
Their lofty Spirits hate to be Controll'd,
Thro' Zeal too hot, and Charity too cold.

Their heats and feuds are obvious to the Sun,
Asham'd to see them Jehu-like drive on.
With highflown Doctrins, set the World on flame,
Only for popularity, and Fame
Disturb our Peace with some new quirk or clause
Like resty Lawyers wrangling for a Cause.
They only want a Persecuting Power,
Their Poor Dissenting Brethren to devour.
But thanks to Heaven great ANNA sway's the
And Sempere addm's her gracious Word. (Sword,
Would they from all those needless fear's be free,
First let them good and faithful Pastors be.
Unite together in the bond of Love,
And all their Animosities remove.
Their good examples would Dissenters Winn,
And painful Preaching bring them home again.
A faithful Shepherd, careful watch should keep,
And spend his dearest Blood to save his Sheep.
And seek them out if any go astray,
Or give account for them at the last Day.
This done Great-Britain, thou would'st happy be;
And long enjoy a Peaceful Unity.
So God preserve our Sovereign gracious Queen,
And mighty George her Royal Princely Dane.
Let length of Days remain in their Right Hands
Wealth Peace and Honour, ever by them stand.
Victorious Marlborough still be Heav'n's care,
Great ANNA's dreadful Thunderbolt of War.
Still may he soften by his powerful Charms;
Or conquer with his Non-resisting Arms.
Till haughty Lewis to some Covent go,
And humble Penance do in solemn Show.
To wash away that loud tongu'd Christian blood
Which his ambition hath unjustly Shed,
That Tumults, Broyls, and dreadful Wars may
And we enjoy a never-fading Peace. (cease,

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